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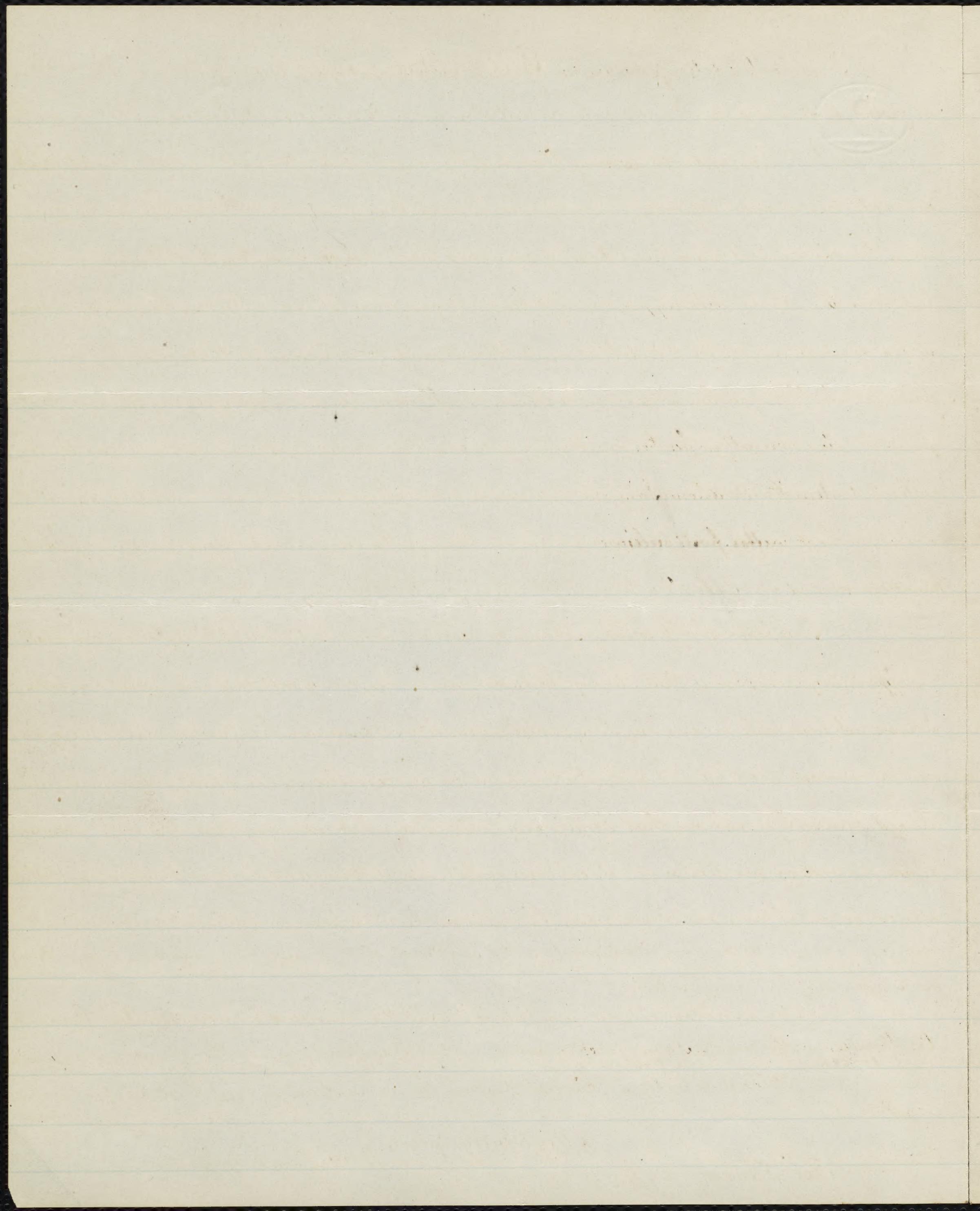
Roxbury, Dec. 30, 1866.

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My dear Friend:

Yesterday afternoon, Mrs Thaxter came out to see us, and informed us that you had been in the city, but had returned home in the morning train. Had I known it seasonably, I should have called to see you. We regretted to hear, also, that you had not been well, and that dear Mrs May had not fully recovered from her attack. Still, I cannot refrain — almost inopportune as it may seem under the circumstances — from offering you both, and all the children, the congratulations of this festive season. At least, I may wish you all "a happy new year," even if a day or two in advance of the time. Always assiduously engaged as you are in doing good to others, and trying to advance the cause of liberty and humanity universally, you cannot fail to be happy, even if the body suffer from pain and weakness. May it indeed prove the happiest year of your lives thus far!

Seeing it stated in the papers, a short time since, that my beloved friend, S. J. May, at Syracuse, was so unwell as to be unable to discharge his parochial duties, I wrote him a letter of sympathy and anxious inquiry; and was greatly relieved on receiving a letter from him, stating that more had been made of his illness than the case warranted, and that he was feeling nearly as well as usual. I admonished him of the importance, at his period of life, of being more and more cautious in regard to exposure, and the amount of labor attempted to be accomplished. He promises to be more careful in future; but, sought after as he is by the halt, the lame, and the blind, and by all sorts of applicants in the matter of philanthropy and reform, in addition to his pastoral duties, I fear he will find it impracticable to restrain himself until the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl broken. I can never find words adequate to the expression of my regard and affection for him. How large is his circle of friends and admirers! and what a blessing he has been to society and the world! May his life be long preserved!



I received a letter from my son Wendell yesterday, saying incidentally - "The Testimonial is sticking in New York for want of a man to solicit contributions. The committee are rightly fastidious; and after seeking high and low, came to me to help them out. I could think of nobody but young Studwell, of Brooklyn, and wrote him in regard to the matter. I may hear from him to-day, but have faint hopes of securing him." I infer from this that Dr Bellows has not been able, through a heavy pressure of duties and engagements, to carry out his friendly intentions. It is a delicate subject for Wendell or me to refer to; and I do so now solely that, thanking you again for all that you have done, - and with an overflowing heart, - I may express the hope that you will give yourself no further anxiety or trouble about the Testimonial; and that you and the excellent Committee (to whom I am also under such heavy obligations) will not hesitate to bring it to a close, without much further lingering, merely because the success has fallen so far short of what has been aimed at. I shall not be at all disappointed, but very grateful.

This token of appreciation of my Anti-Slavery labors and trials will certainly come at an opportune period; seeing that, during the present year, owing to my suffering and crippled condition, I have not been able to earn anything; while my family expenses have been unavoidably large, including constant medical and magnetic treatment for my dear wife in her almost helpless and paralyzed state. I cannot say that I have any belief - try what she may - that she will ever recover the use of her limbs; yet I feel bound to leave nothing undone for her restoration, to the almost extent of my power. The absence of Fanny makes it necessary for me to watch over her, and care for her, with special solicitude; but in the shattered state of my nervous system, it is a drawback upon my own recuperation.

My shoulder continues very painful, and the arm bone is more sensitive than hitherto; though, on the whole, I am much relieved to what I suffered during the spring and summer.

Please accept our kindest household remembrances and best wishes for you all.

Rev. Samuel May Jr.

Gratefully yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Dec. 30. - 1866